

HOOSIER FOLKLORE BULLETIN

Edited by
Ernest Baughman

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Bloomington, Indiana

VOLUME IV, No. 2

June, 1945

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THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

The text of "The Battle of Waterloo," and the information accompanying it, were supplied by Mrs. Margaret Campbell Edwards of Bloomington, granddaughter of William McCredie. Mrs. Edwards supplied the information for "Robin Tamson's Smiddy" in Volume III, No. 3 September, 1944. -- C. H. H.

During and following the Napoleonic wars, Mr. William McCredie was manager of a large farm in Wigtonshire (or West Galloway), the south-eastern county of Scotland. The farm was near the village of Drummore, not far from the town of Stranraer, the port on Loch Ryan.

Mr. McCredie was a member of the Scots Cavalry, but did not take part himself in the Battle of Waterloo. One of his men, Davie Callie, who had charge of training horses on the farm, did take part in the battle and often talked of his experiences.

For many years on the farm, as soon as the harvest was all in the stackyard, an annual harvest home festival was held. One of the traditions that developed in connection with this festival was that in the formal opening of the ball that closed the celebration Mr. McCredie sang "The Battle of Waterloo."

In the family "The Battle of Waterloo" soon came to be known as Grandfather's Song. According to the best information, he never sang it at any other time. Among the members of the family there has been a difference of opinion as to the source of the song, some believing it was composed by Mr. McCredie himself and others that he did not make it but only sang it.

Investigation so far has not discovered the song in print, and it is here given with the belief, subject to correction, that it is a hitherto unpublished song about the great battle. The song was learned by McCredie's sons and brought with them to the United States and Canada in the late nineteenth century.

Mr. Thomas L. McCredie, of Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin, born in 1860, one of the younger sons, often heard stories of Waterloo from his father. In July, 1944, Mr. Thomas McCredie wrote the following account:

Davie Callie used to be around Barmael a lot. He was in the "Scots Grey" at the battle of Waterloo and wounded there. He told Father that before they got the order to charge the first time there seemed to be a sort of shiver go through horse and man, but when the order was given they went in on the run. When they came out Davie said he did not think they had been in more than fifteen minutes but they had been in over an hour.

The man on Davie's right said to him: "It was pretty warm in there." Davie said: "It wasna very cauld." While they sat there Davie saw they were going to get the order to charge again and he saw the man on his right was not sitting straight up on his horse. He told him to sit up as they were going to get the order to charge again. He paid no attention and Davie nudged him with his stirrup, and the man tumbled out of his saddle dead. He had been shot. When they got the order that riderless horse went into the charge with the regiment, came back from the charge, and took its proper place in the line again.

Davie and some of his comrades were ordered to drive some French sharpshooters out of a field of rye as they were picking off British officers. Davie saw one of them lying in the rye with his gun pointed at him. Davie said: "I reined my horse, thinking he might miss me"; but the bullet went through the wrist of his sword arm. The Frenchman got up and ran, but one of Davie's fellow soldiers drove spurs to his horse and laid the Frenchman's skull open with his sabre. Davie being wounded was sitting on his horse when a French cavalryman came charging at him with drawn sword. Davie pulled one of his big horse pistols out of the holster and shot him dead. Then he said: "I declare to God, Mr. McCredie, that was the only Frenchman I was sure I killed in the battle."

I have given this as Father gave it to me and as he got it from Davie.

It seems apparent that William McCredie's membership in the Scots Cavalry and his acquaintance with Davie Callie gave the personal tone to the song.

Following is the text of the song as it has come down in the McCredie family:

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

(Lang metre)

I

On the fourteenth day of June, brave boys,
In Flanders where we lay
Our bugles did the alarm sound
Before the break of day.
With British, Belgians, Frunswickers,
And Hanoverians too
We Brussels left that morning
For the Plains of Waterloo

II

By a forced march we did advance
Till two in the afternoon;
Each British heart with ardor burned
To pull the tyrant doon.
Near Quatre Bras we met them,
Their dress to us seemed new,
For in steel armor they were clad
On the Plains of Waterloo.

III

Napoleon to his army said
Before the fight begun,
My heroes, if we lose the day
Our nation is undone.
But the Prussians we've already beat
And we'll beat the British too,
And display victorious eagles
On the Plains of Waterloo.

IV

Our immortal hero, Wellington,
 No speech to us did make;
 We were Peninsular heroes
 And naught did make them shake.
 From Vitoria, Salamanca,
 And from Las am Vagus too
 They beheld their former conquerors (sic)
 On the Plains of Waterloo.

V

The bloody fight it then began
 And the cannons loud did roar.
 We being short of cavalry
 They pressed us full sore,
 But British steel soon made them yield
 Though our numbers were but few.
 We prisoners made, but more lay dead
 On the Plains of Waterloo.

VI

For full four hours or longer
 We sustained this bloody fray
 And during a long and darksome night
 Upon our arms we lay.
 The orders of our General
 Next day we did pursue
 And retired in files for full six miles
 On the Plains of Waterloo.

VII

Next day both armies kept their ground
 When scarce a shot was fired;
 The French did boast a victory gained
 Because we had retired.
 But that noble act of generalship
 Them from their stronghold drew,
 When we got some share of fighting fair
 On the Plains of Waterloo.

VIII

Unto our right they bend their course,
 Prince Jerome led the van
 With Imperial Guards and cuirassiers
 That nothing could withstand.
 But three British cheers we gave them,
 With volleys not a few,
 Which made them wish themselves in France
 And far from Waterloo.

IX

Unto our left they bent their course
 In disappointed rage;
 The Belgian line fought for a time
 But could not stand the charge.
 Then Caledon took up her drone
 And loud her chanters blew,
 Played Marshal Ney a new straspey
 To the tune of Waterloo.

X

Here's health to our Prince Regent,
 And long may he govern;
 Likewise the Duke of Wellington,
 That noble son of Erin.
 Two years he added to our time
 For pay and pension too.
 And now we are recorded
 As Men of Waterloo.

Indiana University

Cecelia H. Hendricks

FOLKLORE FROM THE KANKAKEE VALLEY

Here are three stories written by my freshman English class. The students at Mt. Ayr High School find the Hoosier Folklore Bulletin very interesting. It is a very useful source of ideas for composition too.

1. The Popcorn Frost

Contributed by Janet Hockney, English 9, heard from an old customer in Hockney's Store, Thayer Indiana. Men gather in this little store that the community jokingly calls "Town Hall." Each evening while they are sitting around the stove they discuss many different topics. This time the main subject was weather conditions. One old fellow, chewing tobacco, smiling, gave the following story:

He remembered one summer when the weather was extremely dry and hot. The first two months of the summer were very dry, then the weather became exceptionally hot. It was very hot for many days. One day he thought he would go out to inspect the field where he had planted popcorn. To his amazement, the popcorn was all popped, laying like a thick blanket of snow. Across the fence from the popcorn field was a pasture. He noticed the cows running to the fence. They looked at the field of white popcorn and thought it was snow. This frightened the cows so terribly that they fell over on their side and froze to death.

(See this Bulletin I, 48, 1942 for text and full parallels. See also Herbert Halpert, "Pennsylvania Fairylore and Folktales," Journal of American Folklore, 58 (1945), 134 for another text and additional references.)

2. Ice On the Cornfield

Contributed by Janet Hockney. Another man had a marsh farming story to tell. Whittling on a stick and pushing himself back in his chair he began to tell about one fall when we had very high water.

A corn field in the marsh became flooded, and the water got so high that it was above the top of the corn. It continued to be high until cold weather and the water froze. After freezing a very heavy crust over

the top, the water receded. The farmers thought possibly their corn would be ruined. Picking their way through the ice they discovered that their corn had continued to grow and was ready to be husked. So under this blanket of ice they worked all winter, husking the corn and hauling it to the crib.

3. Racing A Ghost

Contributed by Delbert Barnhart, English 9.

Once there was a man walking through a woods after dark. As he was plodding along, a ghost in a white sheet slipped up beside him. The man cut loose with a burst of speed--the ghost right behind him.

Soon the man grew tired after running so fast and so far. He sat down on a log; the ghost sat down beside him and says, "Quite a run wasn't it?"

The man says, "Yep, and we'll run some more as soon as I get rested."

Rensselaer, Indiana

C. O. Tullis

(For texts and references see this Bulletin I, 56, 78, 100. This is the first group of stories we have had from the fabulous Kankakee Valley. Much of its lore has been investigated and recorded locally, but little has been done in tale collecting.)

INDIANA'S REPRESENTATION IN THE ARCHIVE OF AMERICAN FOLKSONG

In the spring of 1938, a group of students in one of Prof. Thompson's folklore courses organized the Hoosier Folklore Society, with the following officers: Robert Allen, President; Paul G. Brewster, Secretary; and Mrs. Cecilia Hendricks, Treasurer. Alan Lomax, at that time assistant in charge, Archive of American Folksong,¹ was invited to be one of the speakers at our first meeting. I had previously had considerable correspondence with Alan in connection with my Indiana folksong collection, and, since I was acquainted with a number of singers in my section of the state, I suggested that he might do some recording while here. He liked the idea and brought recording equipment with him, with his wife Elizabeth to act as assistant.

Following the meeting, in the course of which we made out a tentative itinerary, the Lomaxes and I spent the next week in the field. Most of the time was spent in Oakland City, Princeton, Evansville, and Deuchars, with side trips to Elkinsville, Vincennes, New Harmony, and Mount Vernon. In addition, a number of recordings were made in Bloomington. Altogether, seven counties are represented: Brown (Elkinsville), Gibson (Oakland City, Princeton), Knox (Vincennes), Monroe (Bloomington), Perry (Deuchars), Posey (Mount Vernon, New Harmony), and Vanderburgh (Evansville). Included in the

¹Now with the Office of War Information.

collection are nineteen Child ballads, a considerably larger number of later broadside ballads, children's game-songs, hymns, blues, fiddle tunes, and monologues --- all in all, a fairly representative sampling of Southern Indiana's folksong heritage. A complete list of these recordings follows.

1. Arkansas Traveler, The. Played by T. M. Bryant on fiddle.
Evansville. 1739 A3.
2. Arkansas Traveler, The. Sung by Oscar Parks. Deuchars.
1731 A1.
3. As I Walked Over Mulberry Mountain. Sung by Frank Davidson.
Bloomington. 1726 A1.
4. Babes in the Woods, The. Sung by Samuel Clay Dixon.
Mount Vernon. 1748 A4.
5. Banks of the Old Pedee, The. Sung by Mrs. Viola Dodson.
Bloomington. 1719 A2.
6. Barbara Allen. Sung by Mrs. T. M. Bryant. Evansville.
1750 B2.
7. Barbara Allen. Sung by Oscar Parks. Deuchars. 1728 B1.
8. Battle of the Boyne, The. Sung by O. F. Kirk. Oakland City.
1720 B2.
9. Biddy McGee. Sung by Mrs. Viola Dodson. Bloomington.
1720 A2.
10. Bonaparte's Retreat. Played by T. M. Bryant on fiddle.
Evansville. 1738 A2.
11. Boo-Hod, I Want to Get Married. Sung by Mrs. Dora Ward.
Princeton. 1741 A2.
12. Boston Burglar, The. Sung by Mrs. Minnie Wilson. Princeton.
1746 B1 & B2.
13. Boston Burglar, The. Sung by Mrs. T. M. Bryant. Evansville.
1752 B2.
14. Bramble Briar, The. Sung by Mrs. Dora Ward. Princeton.
1744 A.
15. Brooklyn Theatre Fire, The. Sung by Mrs. Viola Dodson.
Bloomington. 1720 A1.
16. Brother Green. Sung by Oscar Parks. Deuchars. 1729 B.
17. Callahan. Sung and spoken by Oscar Parks. Deuchars. 1728 A2.
18. Cambric Shirt, The. Sung by Mrs. T. M. Bryant. Evansville.
1736 A.
19. Capitals of the States, The. Sung by Mrs. Phoebe Elliott.
New Harmony. 1748 A2.
20. Come All Young Friends Whilst I Relate. Sung by Marion Stoggill.
Elkinsville. 1724 A2.
21. Crossing Down at Wann, The. Sung by Frank Davidson.
Bloomington. 1726 B1.
22. Drowsy Sleeper, The. Sung by Mrs. T. M. Bryant. Evansville.
1753 A1.
23. Eighth of January, The. Played by T. M. Bryant on fiddle.
Evansville. 1738 B1.
24. Elfin Knight, The. Sung by Mrs. Dora Ward. Princeton.
1743 B1 & B2.
25. Erin Go Bragh. Sung by Mrs. Viola Dodson. Bloomington.
1719 B2.
26. Erlinton. Sung by Mrs. T. M. Bryant. Evansville. 1737 B.
27. Experience in Arkansas. Spoken by John Collier, with fiddle
and guitar Claude Cryder and Ivy Bohall and mandolin
John Smiley. Bloomington. 1723 B1 & B2.

28. Falling Leaf, The. Sung by Samuel Clay Dixon. Mount Vernon.
1748 A4.
29. False Lover. Sung by Mrs. T. M. Bryant. Evansville, 1739 B.
30. Father, O Father, Go Build Me a Boat. Sung by Mrs. T. M.
Bryant. Evansville. 1754 A2.
31. Fisher's Hornpipe. Played by T. M. Bryant on fiddle.
Evansville. 1738 A4.
32. Floella. Sung by Samuel Clay Dixon. Mount Vernon. 1748 B.
33. Frog Went A-Courting. Sung by Mrs. Ethel B. Niemeyer.
Evansville. 1741 A1.
34. Fuller and Warren. Sung by Mrs. T. M. Bryant. Evansville.
1736 B.
35. Georgie. Sung by Mrs. Dora Ward. Princeton. 1743 A3.
36. Get Out of the Way, You Whisky Seller. Sung by John Collier.
Bloomington. 1721 B1.
37. Golden Dagger, The. Sung by Mrs. Nell Weaver. Bloomington.
1719 A1.
38. Go Tell Aunt Rhoda. Sung by Samuel Clay Dixon. Mount Vernon.
1748 A3.
39. Green Gravel. Sung by Samuel Clay Dixon. Mount Vernon.
1749 A2.
40. Gypsy Daisy, The. Sung by Mrs. T. M. Bryant. Evansville.
1750 B1.
41. Gypsy's Warning, The. Sung by Mrs. T. M. Bryant. Evansville.
1751 A.
42. Had a Little Fight in Mexico. Sung by Oscar Parks. Deuchars.
1732 A3.
43. Hand Me Down the Old Shoe Hammer. Sung by John Collier, with
guitar by Claude Cryder. Bloomington. 1721 B2.
44. Henry the Driver Boy. Sung by Mrs. T. M. Bryant. Evansville.
1754 B1.
45. His Old Grey Beard Needs Shaving. Sung by Mrs. Oscar Parks.
Deuchars. 1731 B1.
46. House Carpenter, The. Sung by Mrs. Minnie Hayden. Princeton.
1745 A & B1.
47. House Carpenter, The. Sung by Mrs. T. M. Bryant. Evansville.
1737 B2 & 1738 A1.
48. How Tedious the Tasteless Hours.² Sung by Mrs. Phoebe Elliott.
New Harmony. 1747 B5.
49. Humpbacked Mule, The. Sung by Samuel Clay Dixon. Mount
Vernon. 1749 B2.
50. I Met an Old Washerwoman Hanging Out Her Clothes. Sung by
Frank Davidson. Bloomington. 1726 A3.
51. I Once Had a Lover. Sung by Mrs. Dora Ward. Princeton.
1742 B2 & 1743 A1.
52. Irish Washerwoman, The. Played by T. M. Bryant on fiddle.
Evansville. 1739 A1.
53. Jackie Fraisure. Sung by Willis Swallow. Oakland City.
1733 A, B1 & 3.
54. John Riley. Sung by Mrs. T. M. Bryant. Evansville. 1752 B1.
55. John Rogers the Miller. Sung by John Collier. Bloomington.
1721 A1.
56. Johnny, Fill Up the Bowl. Sung by Mrs. Josephine Caney.
Vincennes. 1761 B3.

²Correct title "How Tedious and Tasteless the Hours."

57. Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight. Sung by Mrs. Minnie Hayden.
Princeton. 1746 A2.
58. Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight. Sung by Mrs. T. M. Bryant.
Evansville, 1735 A.
59. Lady Margaret and Sweet William. Sung by Mrs. T. M. Bryant.
Evansville. 1741 B.
60. Lady of Carlisle, The. Sung by Mrs. T. M. Bryant. Evans-
ville. 1754 A1.
61. Lame Soldier, The. Sung by Mrs. Oscar Parks. Deuchars.
1727 B2 & 1728 A1.
62. Lass of Roch Royal, The. Sung by Mrs. Dora Ward. Princeton.
1743 B3.
63. Lass of Roch Royal, The. Sung by Oscar Parks. Deuchars. 1730 B2.
64. Lassie Mawhee. Sung by Mrs. T. M. Bryant. Evansville.
1753 A2 & B1.
65. Little Too Small, A. Sung by John Collier and Claude Cryder.
Bloomington. 1723 A.
66. Locks and Bolts. Sung by Mrs. T. M. Bryant. Evansville.
1753 B2.
67. Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor. Sung by Mrs. Esther B. Frazier.
Evansville. 1737 A & B1.
68. Low and Lonesome Low, The. Sung by Mrs. T. M. Bryant. Evans-
ville. 1740 A.
69. Lonesome Dove, The. Sung by Marion Stoggill. Elkinsville.
1725 A.
70. Monitor and the Merrimac, The. Sung by Willis Swallow.
Oakland City. 1734 B.
71. Mr. Grumble. Sung by Mrs. Dora Ward. Princeton. 1732 B.
72. Multiplication Table Song, The. Sung by Mrs. Phoebe Elliott.
New Harmony. 1748 A1.
73. Old Bachelor, The. Sung by Mrs. Dora Ward. Princeton. 1742 A1.
74. Old Man Came Over the Moor, The. Sung by Mrs. Dora Ward.
Princeton. 1752 B3.
75. Old Sister Phoebe. Sung by Mrs. Phoebe Elliott. New Harmony.
1747 B2.
76. On a Cold Frosty Morning When a Nigger Feels Good. Sung by
Mrs. Minnie Wilson. Princeton. 1746 B3.
77. One Morning in May. Sung by O. F. Kirk. Oakland City. 1720 B1.
78. Oxford Girl, The. Sung by Marion Stoggill. Elkinsville.
1722 B3 & 1724 A1.
79. Pizen Sarpint Song, The. Sung by Mrs. Phoebe Elliott. New
Harmony, 1747 B4.
80. Pretty Sary. Sung by Mrs. Phoebe Elliott. New Harmony. 1747 A.
81. Ransom-Tansum. Sung by Mrs. Phoebe Elliott, New Harmony. 1747 B1.
82. Romish Lady, The. Sung by Mrs. T.M. Bryant. Evansville. 1752 A2.
83. Roxie Anne. Sung by Samuel Clay Dixon. Mount Vernon. 1749 B1.
84. Sheffield Apprentice, The. Sung by Mrs. T.M. Bryant. Evans-
ville. 1751 B.
85. Soapsuds Over the Fence. Played by T. M. Bryant on fiddle.
Evansville. 1739 A3.
86. Soldier's Joy. Played by T. M. Bryant on fiddle. Evansville.
1738 A3.
87. Sarey Kelly Blues. Played by Claude Cryder on gaitar. Bloomington.
1722 A1.
88. School Song, The. Sung by Mrs. T. M. Bryant. Evansville. 1755 A2.
89. Stone River. Sung by Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Parks. Deuchars. 1727 A & B1.
90. Stonewall Jackson. Played by T. M. Bryant on fiddle. Evansville.
1733 B4.
91. Summer Has Come, the Grass is Green. Sung by Mrs. T. M. Bryant.
Evansville. 1754 B2.

92. State Farm Blues, The. Played by Claude Cryder on guitar. Bloomington. 1721 B3.
93. Talk About the Black Coons. Sung by Mrs. Minnie Wilson. Princeton. 1746 B4.
94. Texas Ranger, The. Sung by Mrs. Oscar Parks. Deuchars. 1729 A.
95. There Was An Old Woman All Skin and Bones. Sung by Mrs. T. M. Bryant. Evansville. 1752 A3.
96. To Me, My Love, The Time Draws Nigh. Sung by Mrs. T. M. Bryant. Evansville. 1754 B3 & 1755 A1.
97. Wagoner Lad, The. Sung by Mrs. Oscar Parks. Deuchars. 1730 A.
98. Wars of Germany, The. Sung by Oscar Parks. Deuchars. 1732 A2.
99. Was a Massy Had a Lassie. Sung by Frank Davidson. Bloomington. 1726 A2.
100. Weevily Wheat. Sung by Oscar Parks. Deuchars. 1732 A4.
101. We'll All Go Down to Rowser's. Sung by Samuel Clay Dixon. Mount Vernon. 1749 A1.
102. When First to This Country a Stranger I Did Come. Sung by Mrs. Oscar Parks. Deuchars. 1731 B2 & 1732 A1.
103. When I Was a Bachelor. Sung by Mrs. T. M. Bryant. Evansville. 1752 A1.
104. Whoa, Mule, Whoa! Sung by Samuel Clay Dixon. Mount Vernon. 1749 B3 & 1750 A1.
105. White Pilgrim, The. Sung by O. F. Kirk. Oakland City. 1726 B2.
106. Wife of Usher's Well, The. Sung by Willis Swallow. Oakland City. 1734 A.
107. William Hall. Sung by Marion Stoggill. Elkinsville. 1722 A2 & B1.
108. Yankee Doodle. Played by T. M. Bryant on fiddle. Evansville. 1738 B2.
109. Yonder Comes My Truelove. Sung by Mrs. Phoebe Elliott. New Harmony. 1747 B3.
110. Young Beichan. Sung by Marion Stoggill. Elkinsville. 1724 B.
111. Young Charlotte. Sung by Miss Kathleen Bryant. Evansville. 1740 B.
112. Young Edward In the Lowland Low. Sung by Mrs. Dora Ward. Princeton. 1742 A2.
113. Young Edwin in the Lowland Low. Sung by Mrs. Minnie Hayden. Princeton. 1745 B2 & A1.
114. Young Man Who Wouldn't Raise Corn, The. Sung by Mrs. Minnie Wilson. Princeton. 1744 B.
115. You Shall Be Free. Sung by Samuel Clay Dixon. Mount Vernon. 1749 A3.

Bloomington, Indiana

Paul G. Brewster

THE CADAVER ARM

Cadaver stories are probably a dime a dozen on any medical school campus. Many of these stories are probably accounts of pranks which have actually been played on unsuspecting victims; however, there is one story which has become so well known and so widespread that it seems to be a well defined folktale. This is the story of the cadaver arm, placed in the victim's bed, which drives the victim to madness when it is discovered.

Of the thirteen variants which Clayton A. Holaday and I have collected from students, eight had been heard on the Indiana University campus, two had been heard in Indianapolis, one near Chicago, one at Boswell, Indiana, and one at Crawfordsville, Indiana.

The stories differ greatly in details, but the outline of the story remains intact in almost all versions. There are two main types. In the first and most common the victim is a nurse (in two variants a head nurse), and the setting is in a hospital residence; in the second the victim is a girl medical student, and the story is set in the girl's campus room. I have six versions of the first and three of the second. In one story the victim is the friend of several male medical students but is not a medical student herself. In one story the victim is a sorority pledge; in another she is the troublesome young sister of several older brothers; and in one the victim is a girl who brags that she can "take" any practical joke played on her. In these last three stories the participants have no connection with a hospital or medical school; and the possession of the cadaver arm is not explained.

An arm of a cadaver (or a newly amputated arm) is used in ten of the stories; but in two cases only a hand is used; and a leg is used in one story.

The placing of the object varies also. In eight instances the arm or other portion of the anatomy is placed in the victim's bed; in four it is tied to the light cord; and in one, it is placed in the dresser drawer.

In four of the stories the pranksters investigate the results a few minutes after the victim discovers the object, but in nine instances the investigation takes place the following morning.

The results of the prank are the same in nearly all versions. In twelve the victim goes mad, and in the other she dies. In eleven versions the victim is discovered gnawing on the cadaver limb; and in ten of these her hair has turned completely white; and she has become wrinkled and twisted like an old woman. In one story, however, the victim is discovered completely but harmlessly mad rocking the limb as she would a baby while she sings a soothing lullaby.

The pranksters vary considerably also. In two cases they

are hospital interns; in two they are interns and nurses; in five they are boy friends of the victim; and in one they are the victim's brothers.

As is often the case with such stories the locale of the story is usually vague or not indicated at all. One was placed in a large hospital near Boswell; four were set in "a large Indianapolis hospital." Five were supposed to have happened on medical school campuses. In one instance Indiana University was named, but obviously only for effect since there was no additional circumstantial detail that would indicate an actual happening. One story was set in an unnamed sorority house, and two took place in abandoned warehouses.

Similarly our student narrators could give little indication of the age of the story, but the story is at least twenty years old. Mrs. Baughman's sister heard the story twenty years ago at Taylor University, Upland, Indiana. James D. Rust, formerly a student and later an instructor at Indiana University tells me that the story was well known on the campus in 1933 and earlier.

All contributors of the stories analyzed were college girls. Generalizations on this fact, while tempting, may also be misleading. The fact may indicate something of the preference of modern feminine story-tellers and listeners; or it may be merely a reflection of the lack of male students in wartime college classrooms.

The Cadaver Arm

Contributed to Ernest Baughman by Rosemond Dallas, Boswell, Indiana, February 10, 1944. She heard it from a high school classmate, Myrtle Pratt, October 30, 1942.

This story took place in a hospital which was quite near Boswell, and concerned a nurse, called Jane in the story. For some reason Jane was unable to get along with the other nurses in the hospital, and was constantly quarreling with people. They purposely did things to annoy her because they felt she deserved it. One night after Jane had been particularly trying, they decided to do something particularly unpleasant. One of the nurses on surgery duty agreed to bring an arm which had been amputated that day to Jane's room and slip it in her bed after she was asleep. They knew this would frighten her, but they thought perhaps it might force her to be more agreeable in the future.

The arm was carefully and quietly put in the bed and Jane did not wake up. The next morning she did not appear, and no sound came from her room. The nurses, thinking she might be sick, went to investigate. They opened the door slowly and saw Jane sitting on the bed. Her hair, which had been black, was now completely white, and she was gnawing on the arm, making low gurgling noises all the while.

(See Bennet Cerf, "Trade Winds," Saturday Review of Literature, XXVIII (March 24, 1945), p. 16. This is the only printed version I know. The setting is at Penn Medical School. The story is almost identical with the versions I have in which the victim is a girl medical student. There is one detail, the painting of the arm with luminous paint,

which I had not seen before.)

NOTES

STILL MORE ABOUT THE INERADICABLE BLOODSTAIN

It was a tradition in Chester County, Pennsylvania, that the blood of soldiers wounded in the Battle of the Brandywine (September 11, 1777) remained as an ineradicable bloodstain on the floor of Birmingham (Monthly) Meetinghouse (of The Society of Friends).

University of California, Berkeley

Archer Taylor

MORE ABOUT THE POISONED DRESS

The following material about the poisoned dress story tends to confirm an earlier suspicion that the story is part of a cycle of stories told to discredit well known firms or prominent families. Two other versions of the story I have heard mention Block's and Ayres' department stores of Indianapolis as the places where the dress had been purchased. In the following account, Marshall Field and Company of Chicago is named. There are many stories, parts of whispering campaigns, probably, which serve the same purpose. (Here is an excellent field for someone to investigate.) Some of these stories I have heard include one about a customer who finds a human bone (or a cat bone) in the chop suey she is eating in an exclusive Chinese restaurant, the story of a rat baked into a loaf of bread, one about the birth of a biologically impossible monster to a member of a prominent family (any student of romances or folktales will remember this motif), and so on. The pattern, as well as the purpose, is I think, fairly clear. The following account sheds some more light on "The Poisoned Dress."
--The Editor.

Glancing through the pages of the Hoosier Folklore Bulletin, Volume IV, Number L, March, 1945, I noticed a story entitled, "The Poisoned Dress," which brought back to mind a story I had heard some years ago. Carefully reading and re-reading the article, I couldn't help but notice that some of the facts in the story were contrary to the facts as I first heard them. As long as the introduction to the story mentioned that if any readers were aware of different versions to the story, I take the liberty to inform you the circumstances related to me.

At the time I heard the story I was either twelve or thirteen years old, that would have been in the year 1938 or 1939. Mother and I remember that it was told to us by someone, but we don't remember who it was. This person heard it from someone on the south side of Chicago, where we were living at that

time. As well as Mother and I both recall the facts, it so happened that a young girl was out dancing one evening when she felt faint, and later in the evening she collapsed and died. Since the death was so sudden, the authorities investigated every detail. They traced the department store from which the evening gown she was wearing was purchased. The store was Marshall Field and Company. Through their records they were able to tell the authorities that a Negress had bought the dress and sometime after, the dress was returned. Further investigation led to the story behind the dress.

It seems that the young Negress bought the dress for her bridal gown. Prior to the wedding she died. The family decided to bury the girl in the dress, but after some consideration, they thought that the dress was too expensive an item in which to clothe a corpse. (From what I remember, the family was in a low income bracket.) The dress was returned, after it had been taken off the body of the corpse, and placed on display. Evidently the first girl mentioned purchased the gown.

Another curious fact about the story is that rumor had it that the store, Marshall Field and Company, paid (as the expression would have it) to keep the entire incident quiet. Whom they paid is a mystery. Whether the authorities or the parents of the first girl mentioned received the money is not known, as far as the story told to Mother and me is concerned.

The above facts of the story are all that I know. However, the dates of the story are pretty definite, because I know I heard the story about that time. Although I was quite young to remember the tale, the incidents were so vivid that they played on my very strong child's imagination. When I read the version in the Bulletin I told Mother about it, and then we carefully recalled to mind the incidents which were told to us in connection with the tale.

As we compared the two stories and the facts we knew about the case, we couldn't help but form some pretty definite ideas about the whole incident. They are mere personal opinion, but I think some of the following points discredit the facts in the story.

- (1) If you've ever lived in Chicago or stayed there as a visitor you would know that Marshall Field and Company is the most exclusive department store in Chicago. Prior to 1940 the merchandise it carried could be purchased by only those people who had fairly high incomes. The merchandise always was of the best quality. Negroes did not patronize there. The store displayed a great amount of discrimination. Jews were not hired as salespeople. Therefore, I can't see how the Negro family, poor as they were supposed to be, could purchase a dress there. Even if it was an inexpensive frock, the fact that Negroes didn't patronize the store would be another factor in the case.
- (2) I don't know the exact length of time the Negro family had the dress in their possession, but prior to the war, department stores were very particular that no merchandise was kept by the purchaser for a period longer than five days. Although this rule is still adhered to, Marshall Field and Company was one of the stores that made a special practice of this rule.

- (3) It seems hard to believe that the store would have accepted a dress in return that wasn't as neat and crisp as when the dress left the store. If the human body wore the dress for an appreciable length of time, some creases in the dress would have been noticeable. Even if the dress had been ironed, some trace of previous wearing would be evident.
- (4) The policy of Marshall Field and Company has been completely reversed since the outbreak of war. Although it still remains the most outstanding department store in the United States, if not in the world, it has not assumed its exclusiveness that it had prior to 1941. I am not a person to practice racial discrimination or to be intolerant of the beliefs and religious practices of others when I use the word "exclusiveness." I don't know quite well how to provide another word that could describe the store. Since 1941 no barriers were placed or racial discrimination practiced in hiring employees. If the customers have the money to pay for the merchandise they go to Field's. But the store still carries the finest and best grade of merchandise offered in any Chicago department store.
- (5) I was a former employee of the store and have yet to find a store more cordial or more pleasant for which to work or a store nicer to its employees. I'm merely speaking from personal experience.
- (6) I very much believe, despite the earlier practices of the store, that Marshall Field and Company was not the store involved in the case.

If there are any more facts about which I can inform you, I shall be most willing.

University of California at Los Angeles Gloria Hochsinger

TWO STUDENT TALES

The Stretching Harness

Contributed by Richard Lambert, Kokomo, Indiana, September 21, 1944.

The past summer I worked in a defense plant, and there I met a man named Bob Eckelbarger, who was an accomplished teller of tall tales. During the rest periods, he would often entertain his fellow workers with one of his tales. Here is one of his favorites.

When he was a young man, Bob worked for his uncle, who owned a lumber camp in northern Maine. One day the weather was extremely hot for that part of the country. Bob and the other lumbermen were removing fallen timber from a deep valley. The only way to get the timber back to the lumber mill was to haul it up a steep hill. This was done by using a flat skid drawn by a team of horses. It took a good team to pull the heavy loads up the incline, but Bob's team was

famous throughout the territory for its great pulling power. He always took good care of his horses, and bought the best equipment for them. In fact, he had just purchased a new rawhide harness.

When the first heavy logs were loaded and made secure, the trip to the top of the hill was started. To lessen the load Bob walked along beside his horses, and used his whip to encourage them. The powerful team strained against the harness, and labored slowly up the hill. The load seemed almost too much for them, but somehow they finally reached the top. Now, looking back for the first time, Bob was startled to see the load of timber still at the bottom of the hill. The day was so hot that the whang harness had stretched all the way up the hill, leaving the timber at the bottom while the horses were at the top. Bob was disgruntled, and he didn't know what to do next. To rest his horses, he removed the harness and placed it around a near by stump. It was now almost dinner time, so Bob returned to the lumber camp. While he was eating, a brief but violent thunder shower came up. Shortly after the rain started, Bob heard a loud creaking or scraping noise. He went to investigate, and was amazed to see the load of logs coming slowly up the hill. What really happened was that the moisture had caused the rawhide harness to draw back to its original size, thus pulling the load up the hill.

(Harold W. Thompson in Body Boots & Britches, p. 269 has two variants of the stretching harness, one quite similar to the one above. However his story was about a webb harness which would contract when wet. The rawhide harness in the above story would stretch instead of contract when wet.)

The Intelligent Bird Dog

Contributed by Catherine Walker, LaFontaine, Indiana, March, 1945. Miss Walker heard the story from her father who heard it from the La-Fontaine barber, Jesse Miller. Miss Walker also contributed "The Well-Trained Hunting Dog" in this Bulletin, IV, pp. 18-19.

This is one of the stories that my father heard Jesse tell and that Dad later told to me:

I once had a very remarkable bird dog named Jack. I took him hunting with me one day down in Florida. Jack had been ranging ahead all morning, and I knew something was up when he suddenly stopped dead in his tracks beside a brush heap.

Because the dog did not point, I realized something queer was going on; so I started walking straight over to where Jack stood, my gun ready for firing. Suddenly, as I got within easy gun range, Jack raised his paw, and a quail flew up. I nailed the bird on the spot. After retrieving and bagging it, I started back toward Jack. Again when I got within gun range, another quail flew up, and I shot and bagged him. Every time I started toward Jack, he would raise his paw, a quail would take to the air, and I would shoot and kill it. This went on until I had a bag of ten quail. After that, Jack walked unconcernedly over to me as if to say, "Well, that's all. Let's get along."

Before proceeding, though, I walked over to the place where the dog had been. I found that Jack had come across the covey of quail and had penned them in their burrow in the ground by placing his paw over the only exit. As I had come within range, he had raised his paw, released one bird, and quickly put his paw back on the hole to hold in the rest of the birds until I could handle them. That certainly was some dog.

(See Lt. Herbert Halpert, "Tales of a Mississippi Soldier," Southern Folklore Quarterly, VIII (June, 1944). pp. 107-8.)

Indiana University

Ernest Baughman

THE BEAR AND HIS SHADOW

Contributed by Robert Bryan of Indianapolis, March 22, 1945. He heard it from "Ol' Al," a jack-of-all-trades of uncertain background, about ten years ago.

Back in about the year of 1904, or maybe '05, my partner, Ike, and I were prospecting up on the Yukon. The time was somewhere in the early part of January. For about a month now the mercury had been scrouched up in a little ball way down in the bottom of the thermometer; and then one day it really began to get cold.

One morning Ike and I were sitting down eating breakfast when we heard a sort of thundering noise. I went to the door to look out, and what I saw made me wonder. I saw a great herd of caribou running along. Right behind them came a huge pack of arctic wolves. Running beside them came the arctic foxes and snowshoe hares. Behind them all came the polar bears; while overhead flew the snowy owls and arctic hawks. It seemed as if every bird and animal in the north was heading south.

Then behind them all, came the biggest polar bear I ever laid eyes on. Right behind him came something that looked like a big gray cloud. When Ike saw this he said that we'd better get inside quick. Ike said that that gray cloud was what the caribou-eating Indians called the "Heap Big Cold."

Well, this old polar bear was heading south pretty fast, but that Heap Big Cold wan't any more than two jumps behind him. Right in front of our cabin the polar bear gave a big jump to get out of the way. Just at the same time that Heap Big Cold gave a spurt to try to catch the bear. Well, the bear escaped on to the south, but the Heap Big Cold caught the bear's shadow and froze it on the spot, right in front of our cabin.

You may not believe this, but that shadow stayed frozen right in that spot all winter. While he was frozen there he had a good chance to do some thinking. The more he thought, the madder he got at the bear for running off and leaving him.

Finally spring came and the bear came back up north. The bear walked up to the shadow just as the shadow was thawing out. The

shadow stalked around siff-legged for awhile, and then he rose up on his hind legs and lit into that bear for all he was worth. By the noise they were making, Ike and I were sure they would both be killed. When the fight stopped, we looked out of the window, and there was the polar bear lying on his back, whimpering, with the shadow standing over him. Pretty soon the shadow let the bear get up, and away they went, first the shadow and then the bear. Yessir, that shadow was so mad at being froze up all winter that he had whipped the bear; and now that bear follows his shadow, instead of the shadow following the bear.

Indiana University

Clayton A. Holaday

AN ENDLESS TALE

I heard my sister, Mary Lou Baughman, age 17, of Kouts, Indiana, going through this the other day. I asked where she had heard it. "From Lina (Martin)." "Where'd she hear it?" "From Wesley Birkey." "Where'd he get it?" "Hard telling." Anyway here it is, from the younger generation.

"That's tough!"

"What's tough?"

"Life."

"What's life?"

"A magazine."

"Where d'you get it?"

"Drugstore."

"What's it cost?"

"A dime."

"Shucks, I only got a nickel."

"That's tough."

"What's tough?" (etc.)

Indiana University

Ernest Baughman

STORY AND SONG: FOLKLORE BOOK NOTES

Once again these booknotes appear in the Bulletin to point out some folklore items that might be overlooked. But before discussing these the reviewer wants to sound his praise of a book that, far from being neglected, has hit the best seller lists: B. A. Botkin, A

Treasury of American Folklore (New York: Crown Publishers, 1944, \$3.00). If you are looking for one volume to serve as an introduction to American folklore "in the English idiom", this is it. Dr. Botkin has caught much of the terrific gusto and humor of more than a hundred years of life and language in the U. S. By drawing heavily on early printed sources such as newspapers, fiction and jest books he gives us some historical perspective on oral lore in this country. By concentrating on certain themes and tracing them from this early literature thru the latest folklore collections, we get new light on the complex inter-relation between oral lore and its printed adaption. In addition we get a realization of the significance of certain patterns in American life--and some of them are startling.

The book, Dr. Botkin says modestly, is literary and social rather than a folkloristic one. Folklorists will find this a source of its strength--not a weakness. Folklore has lived largely because of how it says something, e.g. folktales have good plots and the themes and treatment are strong; but it also lives because what it says has meaning for, and fills a need in people's lives. No folklorist will find anything but praise for the succinct, fine analysis in the introductions to the many parts and sub-sections into which the book is divided. As for the book's introduction--well, this is to understand folklore, not merely to collect or edit it.

Because of this much-needed liason that Dr. Botkin was trying to achieve between literature, folklore and social history, he has not hesitated to tackle modern popular lore, where distribution in space replaces that in time. (This Bulletin has also made some gestures towards such material.) And by his inclusion of modern writers who use folk themes we have benefited by some magnificent stories, particularly in the subsection on "Yarns." My favorite sections are those in Part Two: "Boosters and Knockers", and Part Four: "Liars". Part Six: "Songs and Rhymes" is good (there are lots of songs with the tunes), but it suffers from the cuts made by the publishers' space restriction. A friend of mine points out the small proportion of material devoted to the northeastern states. To that I'd add the Midwest. Mind you, they're not omitted. It's a question of weights and balances. I'm not too happy with the chapter on folktales, and I mourn that the magnificent references have not been compiled into a bibliography, but it's hard to complain. Here are more than 900 closely-packed pages of gorgeous entertainment. The book represents a new stage in the recognition of the importance of folklore in this country. Better get a copy right away.

Another book whose review in these pages is long overdue is James K. Masterson's Tall Tales of Arkansaw (Boston: Chapman and Grimes, 1943. \$4.00). This is a fine scholarly study of the humor of and about Arkansas, using a vast variety of sources. There are a first-rate analysis of the history of that interesting fiddle dialogue, "The Arkansas Traveller"; detailed texts of that rhetorical masterpiece: "Change the Name of Arkansaw" (with unbowlerized texts in the appendix); a survey of the whole "Slow Train Through Arkansaw" series of joke-books; and treatments of folksong and folktale with stress on the Ozarks. Much out-of-the-way material has been excellently assembled. Incidentally, lovers of Thomas Wolfe will find in this book some interesting parallels to Zack Joyner's yarns in the third chapter of The Hills Beyond.

Mention of the Ozarks leads us naturally to Vance Randolph who, years ago, wrote two of the best regional folklore and folklife books that we have. Mr. Randolph's newest contributions are in a series of booklets issued by Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard Kansas (25 cents each). The prize ones are: Funny Stories from Arkansas (1943), and Funny Stories About Hillbillies (1944), the two richest collections of tall tales I've read in a long time. Also excellent are: Ozark Ghost Stories (1944), which has a variety of stories of the supernatural plus versions of several European folktales, and A Reporter in the Ozarks (1944), which includes a good collection of folk beliefs and a fine "documentary" interview on life in the Ozarks. Two others: Tall Tales from the Ozarks (1944) and Wild Stories from the Ozarks are featurewriter stuff. The former's title is misleading, but it does include an interesting account of water-witching.

Continuing with our pamphlet shelf, we have three small but pleasant items from Charles E. Brown of the Wisconsin Folklore Society (Madison, Wis.), whom our members will recall for several items contributed to this Bulletin. Brimstone Bill (1942), and Johnny Inkslinger (1944), continue Mr. Brown's series of Paul Bunyan collections. Blue-nose Brainerd (1943), apparently is a northern Wisconsin folk-hero: part fool, part trickster and part liar. Let's hope we get more yarns about him.

Edith E. Cutting's, Lore of an Adirondack County (Ithaca, N.Y.: Cornell University Press, 1944. \$1.00), is the first volume in a new series: Cornell Studies in American History, Literature and Folklore. This is a fine New York state collection of which more than half are folksong texts. (No music). The rest is a little of everything, tales, games, proverbs, etc, much from the author's own family. Pleasantly written, it's the sort of local collection that we should get from every Indiana county.

And also from New York we greet and enthusiastically applaud the appearance of the New York Folklore Quarterly, ably edited by Louis C. Jones. Its very attractive format is completely different from that of any other folklore journal in this country. The first issue, Feb. 1945, has excellent articles on witches and on children's teasing rhymes. The notes and news sections are noteworthy for their interest and variety. More power to this newest addition to the folklore ranks! (Membership in the New York Folklore Society, \$1.50 annually, includes subscription to the Quarterly. Victor Reynolds, Sec'y-Treasurer, 124 Roberts Place, Ithaca, N. Y.)

Hq. North Atlantic Division, ATC
Manchester, N. H.

Lt. Herbert Halpert

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Notice to Members

Membership dues for 1945 should be mailed promptly to Mrs. Cecelia H. Hendricks, Treasurer, Hoosier Folklore Society, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana. Members are urged to secure new members for the Society and to contribute manuscripts for publication. Only with an increase in the funds made available by increased membership can we enlarge the size and scope of the Bulletin.